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The Meadow



102 2 6

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I close my eyes and breath out a laugh. The grass tickles my toes and is as green as a lime sweet. The sky is a gorgeous blue; although a bit grey because time is getting on. There are different flowers all around me and it's so quiet that I can hear traffic from town, which is 4 km away. I better go home soon. The sun says it's four or maybe even five. As I'm standing up, I hear a twig snap. My first instinct is 'Oh, it's just a squirrel!' When I turn around to confirm my suspicions, I see nothing but a tree.

I go to turn back around, but before the tree leaves both my sight and my memory, I see just a bit of skin from a hand, wrapped around the trunk.

Chapter 2 by Becky Clark



Who is spying on me? Why won't they come forward? Against every thought in my head, my body moves itself towards the tree. It's as if the tree has a magical force pulling me in...

When I reach the tree I slowly raise my hand to the bark so I can lean on it. Then I tilt my head around to the back of the tree. I am shocked by what I see! It's not a human!

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Her body is a light lilac and etched with dark purple lines forming patterns that seem too elaborate to be natural. She has hands and feet flatter and wider than human and a spindly form that betrays both grace and fragility. Her face has a button nose and a tiny mouth with ears that are webbed at the ridges with a fluorescent green matching that of her hair which begins as dreads at the roots but their tips are splayed wide open and spin independently of her motion like fans.

It should be bizarre that I can pick up so much detail when she is moving so fast - and it is - but where there should be a blurring of her form from incredible speed, there is instead a series of crystal clear snapshots of the being as she moves. It is as if her very movement is outside the bounds of normal reality.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 12

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I feel a hand around my throat and another holding my mouth shut.

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